



# ALIEN WORLDS

\$1.50

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No. 7

RECOMMENDED  
FOR MATURE  
READERS

TM

william f. nolan

"THE SMALL WORLD  
OF LEWIS STILLMAN"

richard corben





# NOLAN

Short story writer, yes, also novelist, magazine columnist, reporter, scriptwriter, biographer, essayist, poet, critic, book reviewer, lecturer, cartoonist—only William F. Nolan's modesty and our pica count prevent us from going on.

That he wrote "Logan's Run" and everybody knows it is wonderful. What is perhaps just as wonderful, and a fact not everyone may know, is that Nolan is the quintessential writer's writer. Like Bradbury and Matheson (both close friends) and a few others, Nolan's style fits as snugly in one genre as another. Which is to say that the best of his work is really genre-less, embracing as it does the subtle nuances of man's psyche, and leaving his iconographical footprints to others.

Ursula LeGuin once remarked: "When I get into a spaceship I 'assume' it's going to work." So does Bill Nolan. And he assumes his readers assume it too. All of which leaves room for all the delicious emotional reasons they're trying to get to that faraway star as well as the technological ones. In fact, despite the technological ones. We like that. We strive for it in our own work. Which is why our shelves are lined with William F. Nolan volumes and why the marriage of Nolan and "Alien Worlds" was not only a natural occurrence but, really, an inevitability.

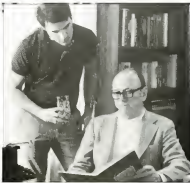
He didn't have to turn out to be such a nice guy, of course, or hail from the same Midwestern city we did, or be a comic book buff from way back, or have spent the early part of his career here in San Diego, or be able to expand, quite comfortably thank-you, on Hemingway, Faulkner or Fitzgerald as easily as he does genre writers. That was just a bonus. As was his allowing us to publish not only the adaptation in this current issue but a whole

succession of future Nolan works.

It's a bright new addition to our anthology titles, and a bright new way of presenting the Nolan magic to the printed page.

To those who contend that science fiction/horror and "comic books" make strange bedfellows, we offer potent proof to the contrary—in Nolan's case, 100 proof! Join us. You're in good hands. And the graphic story never looked better!

— Bruce Jones  
Editor



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**WILLIAM F. NOLAN'S**

# THE SMALL WORLD OF LEWIS STILLMAN

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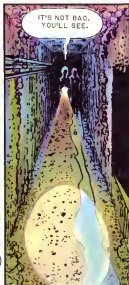






COME WITH ME.  
YOU'LL BE SAFE.  
I HAVE FOOD.

YOU LIVE IN  
THE SEWER?



IT'S NOT BAD.  
YOU'LL SEE.



I- I- PARDON ME BUT  
IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE  
I'VE TALKED TO ANYBODY  
... A WOMAN...

WERE YOU  
MARRIED?

SEPARATED... WHEN I  
LEFT MY TEACHING JOB  
IN NEW YORK SHE STAYED  
THERE. I CAME TO L. A.  
ALONE.



TO TEACH?

NO, I HAD ENOUGH OF  
TRYING TO RAM SOME SENSE  
INTO TWELVE YEAR OLDS  
WHO HATED SCHOOL.

I GOT INTO CONSTRUCTION...  
WORKED ON A NEW DRAIN  
SYSTEM... THAT'S WHY  
I SURVIVED.



I WAS DOWN HERE IN THE  
L-TEN SECTION WHEN THE  
ALIEN SHIPS ATTACKED.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?  
I DON'T EVEN KNOW  
YOUR NAME!

KATHY ANDARS. MY  
FATHER WAS A GEOLOGY  
PROFESSOR AT BERKELEY.  
I WAS GATHERING ROCK  
SAMPLES IN A CAVE...  
WHEN ...



BEING UNDERGROUND ...  
THE WAY YOU WERE...  
I GUESS THAT  
SAVED ME.

DADDY AND ALL  
THE OTHERS ...

THEY DIED.

I'M SORRY.



"THERE'S AN OLD HILLTOP HOUSE ON MULHOLLAND... WITH AN ATTIC FULL OF BOOKS. TWO OF THEM HAVE BEEN GOING THERE EVERY DAY... TO THE BOOKS. THEY'RE GENUINELY CURIOUS, LEWIS... ABOUT OUR WORLD... THE WAY IT USED TO BE."



"THESE BOOKS CAN BE A BRIDGE TO THEM... THE TWO OF THEM... TO TEACH THEM, HUMANIZE THEM! WE'D HAVE TO CARRY THEM OFF, AWAY FROM THE OTHERS... HEAD UP INTO THE HILLS ALONG THE COAST."



"THESE TWO ARE DIFFERENT."



"YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!... THEY'D RIP US APART!"

"DIFFERENT, HELLI... THEY'RE ALL KILLERS... MONSTERS!"

"LOOK... YOU DIDN'T CHOOSE ME, AND I DIDN'T CHOOSE YOU. WE WERE BROUGHT TOGETHER FOR A PURPOSE. TO DO THIS."

"JUST HOW LONG CAN YOU GO ON LIVING LIKE AN ANIMAL IN A HOLE?... CRINGING AT EVERY SOUND, EVERY SHADOW... LIVING IN DARKNESS... AFRAID TO WALK IN THE SUN."

"WE CAN DO IT LEWIS! OTHERS CAN BE CHANGED TOO. SOMEDAY WE MAY EVEN BE ABLE TO LIVE AMONG THEM."

"I WON'T BE PART OF SUCH A LIFE!"



"YOU'RE RIGHT... I HAVE BEEN EXISTING WITHOUT PRICE."

"WHEN THEY REALIZE THAT WE POSE NO THREAT TO THEM."



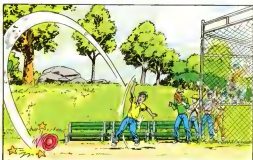


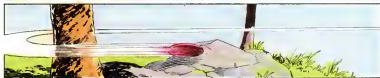






# Small Change





Holy...



HERE YA GO, KID!  
THAT WAS GREAT!  
YOU CAN PLAY ON MY  
TEAM ANY DAY!



WHAT'S  
THE  
TAKE?



TWO LOUSY  
BUCKS.

CHEAPSKATES!

Fim

# Dragons II



## SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

Lela Dowling's first limited edition portfolio was *Dragons*, published in 1979. She has followed up with two more triumphant releases, *Unicorns* and *Unicorns II*. Now we are treated to *Dragons II*. This is a gorgeous full color portfolio, printed in the same large size (11½ x 16") as the earlier releases. There are six new interior pieces in an illustrated two color folder. The portfolio is packaged in a mylar® snug. Each of the numbered, limited edition copies (3,000) have been signed by Lela Dowling.

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# The Art of Rowena



## A DYNAMIC PORTFOLIO BY ROWENA MORRILL

A new full-color portfolio release from the most in-demand paperback cover artist today. Rowena Morrill's beautiful paintings have won her a legion of fans. Here she's selected six of her very finest works, that are being published as pure art for the first time. Rowena is perhaps best known for her stunning interpretations of sensuous women in fantasy settings. The portfolio is in the same 9½ x 12½" format as *Stormbringer* and *Gods and Goddesses*. Rowena has created a new painting that is reproduced as the cover art.

Artist profile and photo included. A signed, numbered, limited-edition of only 2,000 copies, packaged in a mylar® snug.

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# IT ALL FITS

TERI AND I HUGGED EACH OTHER CLOSELY THERE IN THE CINDER BLOCK CONFINES OF DR. WHEATLEY'S OFFICE, THE WARMTH OF OUR BODIES BENDING OFF-- TEMPORARILY AT LEAST--THE AWFUL COLD PRESSING IN ABOUT US. ALONE AT LAST, IT WAS WHAT WE HAD WANTED FROM THE VERY START. NOW WE HAD IT... NOW THAT HER HUSBAND WAS DEAD AS WE'D PLANNED... NOW THAT THE ENTIRE CREW OF PROJECT ICEBERG WAS DEAD AS WE **HADN'T** PLANNED!

NOW THAT THE IRREPRESSIBLE COLD WAS SENDING A SHIVER THROUGH TERI'S LITHE, SUPPLE FORM AND THE BLOCK HOUSE WINDOWS WERE CRYSTALLIZING BEFORE MY EYES, I GLANCED DOWN AT DR. WHEATLEY'S DIARY ON THE DESK AND GRINNED IN SARDONIC DEFEAT. I PULLED TERI CLOSER TO ME AND GAZED OUT THE RAPIDLY CLOUDING WINDOW AT OUR SPACE SHIP ON THE HORIZON, ALL WARM AND FUELED AND READY TO GO... IF ONLY WE COULD REACH HER. TERI SHIVERED AGAIN AND WHIMPERED SOFTLY IN MY ARMS. AND I REMEMBERED...

...I REMEMBERED THE FIRST TIME I HAD SEEN THE BLOCK HOUSE, THE FIRST TIME OUR SHIP HAD TOUCHED DOWN ON THE FROZEN LITTLE PLANET, THE FIRST TIME PROJECT ICEBERG HAD BECOME A REALITY FOR ALL OF US...JUST A SCANT SEVEN DAYS AGO...



WELL, THERE SHE IS  
DOCTOR, **TERKA V**, OUR  
HOME FOR THE NEXT  
THREE MONTHS!

ENJOY IT WHILE YOU MAY, MY DEAR...

IT LOOKS BEAUTIFUL!  
WHAT A PARADISE!

-I KNOW, IT'LL BE  
A GLACIAL WASTES  
INSIDE OF THREE  
WEEKS; I WAS AT  
THE BARRING TOO  
YOU KNOW!

BOY, I'LL  
BET THAT  
SUMPTER  
PARTY WILL  
BE GLAD TO  
SEE US!  
THEY'VE  
BEEN HERE FOR  
THREE MONTHS!

WELL, THEY HAVEN'T  
EXACTLY ARRANGED  
A TICKET TAPE  
PARADE FOR US,  
HAVE THEY?

...CURIOUS...  
I THOUGHT  
THEY'D BE  
WAITING AT  
THE LANDING  
PAD...

HEY, DOC, ANY  
WILDLIFE ON THIS  
PLANET? I'M  
HUNGRY!

NOT THAT ANY-  
ONE'S REPORTED,  
POTTER; YOU'LL  
HAVE TO BE  
CONTENT WITH  
DRIED FOODS.

NUTS!

HELLOO...  
ANYONE  
HOME?

STRANGE  
...LOOKS  
EMPTY...

JERRY, YOU AND TERI CHECK  
THE EAST QUARTERS; POTTER,  
YOU AND FIELDS THE SOUTH;  
BEACHAM AND I WILL LOOK  
IN THE WEST WING!

CHECK!

PLACE  
LOOKS  
DESERTED...

M-H-M...

NOBODY IN THIS OFFICE--WHA--!!

MPH!!

BEFORE YOU SAY ANYTHING, ASK YOURSELF IF YOU LIKED IT...

I'M DR. WHEATLEY'S WIFE, MR. RHODES IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN! I DOUBT THAT HE OR THE REST OF PROJECT CESSARS WOULD APPROVE!

BUT DO YOU APPROVE, MRS. WHEATLEY? YOU'VE HAD YOUR EYE ON ME THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE TRIP HERE TO TERRA 4. ARE YOU GOING TO DENY THAT YOU'RE ATTRACTED TO ME? WELL?

RHODES! TERI! COME QUICK!

THEY NEED US--

WAIT! I'M IN CABIN B. I'LL BE THERE *ALL* NIGHT... IF YOU'RE INTERESTED...

WHAT IS IT?

TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF...

OH GOD!

IT'S ONE OF THE SUMPTER PARTY. WHAT HAPPENED?



WHAT NEEDED?  
TAKE A LOOK  
OUT THERE...

GRAVES' THE  
ENTIRE PARTY...  
ALL DEAD; BUT  
WHO--HOW--?  
WERE THEY  
TAKEN ILL?

LET'S HOPE NOT;  
I'D RATHER HAVE  
A MASS MURDERER  
ON MY HANDS  
THAN A PLAGUE.  
THIS IS BRINKLEY'S  
CABIN, LET'S TAKE  
A LOOK AT HIS  
DIARY TAPES...

...SIXTY-THIRD DAY... I  
BURIED FLITON THIS  
MORNING. HE'S THE  
LAST OF THEM. STILL  
HAVE NO IDEA WHAT  
THE CREATURE IS,  
WHERE IT LIVES. ONE  
THING FOR CERTAIN...  
THOUGH: IT'S  
INVISIBLE...

IS  
THAT  
ALL?

THAT'S IT. WE'LL  
CHECK THE OTHERS  
TAPES, BUT I'M  
AFRAID THIS ONE  
SAYS IT ALL...  
GENTLEMEN,  
WE HAVE A  
PROBLEM...



BUT AS THE DAYS PASSED,  
NOTHING OUT OF THE  
ORDINARY OCCURRED...  
WE ALL FELL INTO  
ROUTINE, SOON LOST  
OURSELVES IN WORK.  
IF THERE WAS AN  
INVISIBLE MONSTER, HE  
MUST HAVE GONE  
ELSEWHERE...



THE SEASONS  
ON TERRA 4  
CONSISTED OF  
WARM SUMMERS  
AND BITTER  
WINTERS, ALTER-  
NATING EVERY  
FOUR WEEKS...



...YOU...  
YOU HAVEN'T...  
HAVEN'T...

...TRIED ANYTHING LATELY?  
NO, AND I WON'T, TERI. I WANT  
YOU MORE THAN I'VE EVER  
WANTED ANY WOMAN, BUT  
I WANT TO BE WANTED  
JUST AS BADLY...

JERRY, I... OH, GOD, KISS ME. KISS ME!

...DARLING...



THIS CAN'T  
LAST, JERRY  
--NOT LIKE  
THIS...

NOT LIKE THIS,  
NO. BUT THERE  
ARE WAYS.  
DARLING, THERE  
ARE ALWAYS  
WAYS...

THYLON-D...FAST, PAINLESS,  
TOTALLY UNTRACEABLE...  
ONE LITTLE DROP IN HIS  
MORNING COFFEE...

OH, JERRY.  
I COULDN'T!  
NOT MURDER!

WHY NOT? HE'S MURDERING YOU,  
ISN'T HE? DAY AFTER DAY, BIT BY  
BIT? A PULL, VIBRANT WOMAN  
MARRIED TO A STUFFY OLD  
LATIN SCHOLAR? IT MAKES  
NO SENSE! OR IS THAT WHAT  
YOU WANT FOR THE REST OF  
YOUR LIFE?

LATIN! LATIN! ALL DAY LONG, ALL  
NIGHT LONG, RECLASSIFYING LOCAL  
PLANT LIFE IN LATIN, READING LATIN  
BOOKS, LISTENING TO LATIN TAPES!  
IF I HEAR THAT WORD ONE  
MORE TIME I'LL  
SCREAM--

YAGH-H-H-H!

WHAT  
IS IT?

FIELDS: HE'S OUTSIDE IN THE SNOW!

FIELDS: FIELDS!  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

HURRY... IT'S  
FREEZING  
OUT HERE!

FIELDS!  
MY  
GOD!!

FIELDS WAS IN YOUR WING, POTTER. WHAT WAS HE DOING OUTSIDE?

BETTER DOUBLE LOCK ALL THE DOORS. WHATEVER THE MONSTER IS, IT MUST BE BIG!

IF IT WAS A MONSTER...

HE WENT TO CHECK ON THE GENERATOR. THAT WAS HIS JOB. THE CREATURE MUST HAVE CAUGHT HIM UNAWARES—GOD, IT RIPPED ALL THE FLESH FROM HIS BONES. DID YOU SEE IT?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

BRINKLEY CALLED IT 'INVISIBLE' ON HIS TAPE. REMEMBER? NOW AS SCIENTISTS YOU ALL KNOW THAT 'INVISIBILITY' IS A PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY—UNLESS WE'RE TALKING ABOUT SIZE!

A DISEASE? YOU THINK THE MONSTER IS A GERM?

A VIRUS THAT CAUSES THE FLESH TO JUST... MELT? THAT'S PRETTY FAR-FETCHED, DOCTOR...

■ LT350

WHATEVER THE CASE, WE DARE NOT STAY HERE ANOTHER MOMENT. POTTER, YOU AND BEACHAM DON PARKAS AND GET THE SHIP STARTED! THE REST OF YOU GET PACKED!

MINUTES LATER, POTTER RETURNED...

SHE'S ALL SET TO GO, DOCTOR! BEACHAM'S RIGHT BEHIND ME--

IT'S BEACHAM!

LOOK AT HIM! HE'S GOIN' NUTS!

DISEASE, NUTS! IT'S A MONSTER, ALL RIGHT, AND IT'S LURKING RIGHT OUT HERE SOMEWHERE!

SHUT UP AND KEEP MOVING!

POTTER, IS THE SHIP READY? WHERE'S BEACHAM?

YAGHHH!

NOO! YAGHHH!



BEACHMAN?

SOMETHING GOT IN-  
SIDE HIS COAT, AYE  
HIM ALIVE! IT WAS  
HORRIBLE?

BRING THE  
CORPSE AND  
THE PARKA  
TO THE LAB,  
I WANT TO  
STUDY IT.



LATER...  
ANYTHING,  
DOC?

IT'S NO GERM, I WAS  
WRONG ABOUT THAT.  
THE SKELETON IS  
COVERED WITH  
DIGESTIVE JUICES  
AND BLOOD OF  
SOME LARGE ANIMAL...  
PERHAPS IT *IS*  
INVISIBLE!



WHATEVER IT  
IS, IT APPEARS  
TO ATTACK ONLY  
ON THE OUTSIDE.  
WE'RE SAFE  
FOR THE  
MOMENT, I  
THINK.

BUT WHY DIDN'T THE  
CREATURE  
ATTACK IN  
THE SUMMER  
SEASON,  
MATT?



THAT'S RIGHT:  
ITS ATTACKS  
HAVE ALL BEEN  
RESTRICTED TO  
THE WINTERTIME.  
HAVEN'T THEY?  
PERHAPS THERE'S  
A CLUE HERE...

YEAH? WELL,  
I'M GONNA  
FINISH PACKING!  
YOU GUYS FIGURE  
OUT A SAFE  
WAY TO GET  
TO THE  
SHIP!



YOU TWO  
BETTER PACK,  
TOO! THE GEN-  
ERATOR IS  
GOING OUT--  
WE'VE GOT  
TO GET TO  
THAT SHIP,  
OR WE'LL  
FREEZE TO  
DEATH!

C'MON, TER-  
UH, MRS.  
WHEATLEY...



TER! AND I WENT TO THE SUPPLY  
ROOM WHILE HER HUSBAND  
FINISHED HIS TESTS...

OH, JERRY,  
I'M SCARED!

DON'T PANIC YET!  
YOUR HUSBAND'S  
A BOTANIST, NOT  
A BIOLOGIST!  
HE DOESN'T  
HAVE ALL THE  
ANSWERS!

IS THIS THE SUPPLY ROOM  
FOR THE ENTIRE COMPLEX?

AS FAR AS  
I KNOW, YES...

...THE CREATURE ONLY ATTACKS IN  
THE WINTER...AND BOTH FIELDS AND  
BEACHAM GOT THEIR SUPPLIES  
FROM THIS ROOM...H-M-M...

WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT?

I'M NOT  
SURE...

YER! WHAT IF  
THE CREATURE  
WASN'T INVISIBLE  
AT ALL? WHAT IF  
IT HAD BEEN  
RIGHT HERE INSIDE  
THE COMPLEX WITH  
US ALL ALONG?!

INSIDE?

IT'S FANTASTIC... BUT IT FITS!  
AND IT EXPLAINS WHY THE  
SLUMPTER PARTY NEVER SAW  
THE THING:--OR THINGS!  
YES! IT'S BEEN WITH  
US ALL ALONG.

JERRY,  
WHA--??

CIMON! THERE ISN'T  
A MINUTE TO LOSE!

LT216

POTTER!  
WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING?

POTTER,  
WAIT!

TO THE SHIP!  
I'M GETTING  
OUT OF HERE  
NOW! YOU CAN  
STAY HERE  
WITH THAT  
LATIN-SPEWING  
OLD MAN IF YOU  
WANT. I'M  
LEAVING!

I KNOW WHERE THE  
CREATURE IS. IT CAN'T  
HARM YOU IF YOU STAY  
INSIDE! POTTER, TAKE  
OFF THAT  
PARKA!

NUTHIN' DOIN'! I'M  
GETTING OUT WHILE I  
STILL CAN!





YAGHH!

JERRY!

DON'T TOUCH HIM!



YAGH! IT'S EATING ME ALIVE!

JERRY, HELP HIM! IT'S INSIDE THE COAT.



NO...NOT INSIDE THE COAT...THE CREATURE IS THE COAT! IT'S THE FORM OF ANIMAL LIFE ON TERRA 4!



YAGGH-MPPH!

DEAR GOD! IT'S FEEDING ON HIM!



THEY LAY IN WAIT FOR US INSIDE THE STORE ROOM, LIKE SPIDERS WAITING FOR FLIES!...OR SHOULD I SAY LIKE VENUS FLYTRAPS! THEY LOOK JUST LIKE FUR-COVERED PARKAS!

IT'S (SHUDDER) AWFUL! OH, JERRY, THE GENERATORS GONE! IT'S FREEZING IN HERE! AND IT WON'T BE WARM OUTSIDE AGAIN FOR WEEKS!



THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT OF THIS!

THERE IS!

DOG: THE CREATURES CAN'T WARM YOU UNLESS YOU PUT THEM ON. AND THEN ONLY WHEN THEY'RE ACTIVE! THEY HAVE FOUR DORMANT PERIODS EVERY DAY, AT WHICH TIME THEY'RE NOT ONLY HARMLESS, BUT THEY'LL KEEP YOU QUITE WARM AS WELL! WARM ENOUGH TO REACH THE SHIP.



REMEMBER WHEN BEACHAM AND ROTTER WENT OUT TO START UP THE SHIP? ROTTER MADE IT BACK AND TOOK OFF HIS COAT BEFORE THE FIRST DORMANT PERIOD ENDED... BEACHAM WASN'T SO LUCKY!

WHY THE SUN, DOCT?

I'VE KNOWN ABOUT YOU AND MY DEAR WIFE ALMOST AS LONG AS I'VE KNOWN ABOUT THE CREATURES... NOW PLEASE DO ME THE KINDNESS OF PUTTING ON THE LATE MR. ROTTER'S COAT, WILL YOU, JERRY? I'D RATHER THIS LOOKED LIKE JUST ANOTHER ACCIDENT...

BUT ABRUPTLY...

UHH... AGH!

JERRY. WHA-WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?

PROBABLY SOMETHING I PUT IN HIS AFTERNOON COFFEE...

IT SAVED OUR LIVES, BUT HE TOOK THE SECRET OF THE CREATURE'S DORMANT PERIOD WITH HIM! AND WITHOUT THE WARMTH, WE'LL NEVER REACH THE SHIP ALIVE...

HIS DIARY! HE PUTS **EVERYTHING** IN HIS DIARY. I'VE **SEEN** HIM! JERRY, I'LL GET THE ANSWER'S IN THERE! HURRY!

THE WINDOWS ARE FROZEN OVER NOW. WE CAN'T SEE THE SHIP... TERI IS ASLEEP IN MY ARMS--FOREVER... THE DEADLY COAT LIES NEARBY ON DR. WHEATLEY'S BUNK, RIGHT NEXT TO HIS DIARY... HIS DIARY... THE PAGES OF WHICH ARE FILLED WITH THE CREATURE'S SECRETS...

...CAREFULLY SCRIPTED IN ANCIENT LATIN...

# BORIS' BEAUTIES



New Full-Color Portfolio  
Signed, Numbered,  
Limited-Edition of  
Only 2,000 Copies.



Boris Vallejo is the number one fantasy illustrator today, and his full-color paintings of sensuous women in fantasy settings are his best work. This limited-edition portfolio features three previously unpublished new paintings by Boris, along with four of his personal favorites from previous work.

The portfolio is in the same 9½ x 12½" format as the recently released Art of Rowena. Limited to only 2,000 signed, numbered copies. Artist biographical profile and photo included. Six color plates in a full color, silver stamped and illustrated folder. Packaged in a mylar "snug". **\$20.00**

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# MIDNIGHT GODS

**A limited edition portfolio by John Pound**



**Midnight Gods** is a full-color suite of inspired fantasy paintings rendered in the painstaking **John Pound** manner. Each of these six interior plates is faithfully reproduced in full color. A collector's item, suitable for framing. Pound's earlier portfolio releases are sold out and command premium prices. This new release tops them all. Six interior plates in a gold-embossed presentation folder. Signed, numbered, limited-edition of only 1,200 copies. .... **\$35.00**



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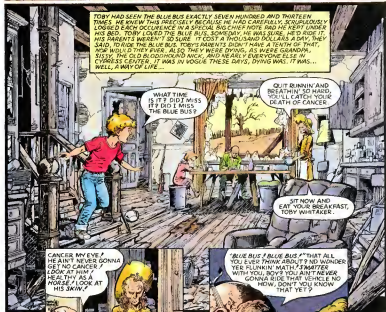
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Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

# RIDE THE BLUE BUS



TOBY HAD SEEN THE BLUE BUS EXACTLY SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN TIMES. HE KNEW THIS PRECISELY BECAUSE HE HAD CAREFULLY, SCRUPULOUSLY LOGGED EACH OCCURRENCE IN A SPECIAL BIG CHIEF NOTE PAD HE KEPT UNDER HIS BED. TOBY LOVED THE BLUE BUS. SOMEDAY, HE WAS SURE, HE'D RIDE IT. HIS PARENTS WEREN'T SO SURE. IT COST A THOUSAND DOLLARS A DAY, THEY SAID, TO RIDE THE BLUE BUS. TOBY'S PARENTS DIDN'T HAVE A TENTH OF THAT, AND WOULD THEY EVER, ALSO THEY WERE DYING, AS WERE GRANDPA, Sissy, THE OLD BLOODHOUND NICK, AND NEARLY EVERYONE ELSE IN CYPRESS CENTER. IT WAS IN VOGUE THESE DAYS, DYING WAS... IT WAS... WELL, A WAY OF LIFE...

WHAT TIME IS IT? DID I MISS IT? DID I MISS THE BLUE BUS?

QUIT RINNIN' AND BREATHIN' SO HARD, YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH OF CANCER.

SIT NOW AND EAT YOUR BREAKFAST, TOBY WHITAKER.

CANCER MY EYE? HE AIN'T NEVER GONNA GET NO CANCER? LOOK AT HIM? HEALTHY AS A HORSE. LOOK AT HIS SKIN.

"BLUE BUS? BLUE BUS?" THAT ALL YOU EVER THINK ABOUT? NO WONDER YER PLUNKIN' MATH. I TALKED WITH YOU, BOY? YOU AIN'T NEVER GONNA RIDE THAT VEHICLE NO HOW, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YET?

I DIDN'T MISS THE BUS, YOU'RE SURE? YOU'RE POSITIVE, MA?

I WILL SO. I WILL SO. I WILL RIDE IT!

STORY: BRUCE JONES ART: GEORGE PEREZ





IT NEVER STOPS,  
TODDY. HOW COME  
YOU ALWAYS  
RUN OUT LIKE  
THIS, ANYWAY?



SOMEDAY  
I'LL RIDE  
IT, JUKE.  
SOMEDAY...

YOU WON'T  
NEVER RIDE IT.  
NONE OF US  
'ROUND HERE  
EVER WILL.  
CYPRESS CENTER  
IS A POOR MAN'S  
TOWN. MISS WILKS  
THE ENGLISH  
TEACHER DIED,  
YOU HEAR?



HE,  
JUKE.

CANCER, MUH?  
WELL... I WAS  
FLUNKIN' ENGLISH  
ANYWAY.

YOU FLUNKIN'  
EVERYTHING, BOY. YOU  
BETTER QUIT DREAMIN'  
'BOUT THE BLUE BUS AND  
START THINKIN' 'BOUT  
THE FUTURE.

YOU LOOK WELL  
ENOUGH TO MERE  
HAVE ONE.



JUKE... YOU YOU  
EVER HATE ME 'CAUSE  
I'M... DIFFERENT?  
'CAUSE I GOT HAIR AND  
MY SKIN IS ALL SMOOTH  
'N' SUCH?

NAW, I  
DON'T HATE  
YA TODE... I  
JUS THINK  
IT'S WEIRD,  
IS ALL...



**KA-  
CHOW!**

HEY!  
WAS  
THAT A  
GUN? IT  
CAME FROM  
YER PLACE!

MA?  
MA??

MA?

DAMN OLD FOOL!  
COULDN'T GUT IT OUT WITH  
THE REST OF US? HAD TO  
GO THE COWARD'S ROUTE?  
NOW HOW'LL I GET THE  
CHORES DONE, TELL ME THAT!



FETCH A SPAGE AND  
CALL YER SISTER, I  
WON'T HAVE FLIES  
AROUND HERE. (308-308 ?)



TOBY, YOU HEAR ME?  
MOVE! PUT HIM BEHIND  
THE BARN NEXT TO  
YOUR FATHER!



HOW COME HIS HAIR  
DON'T FALL OUT?...HOW  
COME HIS GUMS DON'T  
BLEED?...



THERE IT COMES! RIGHT  
ON TIME! I GOTTA GO!



TOBY WHITAKER,  
FINISH YER BREAKFAST!

HEY!  
HOW 'BOUT  
A RIDE?!



STILL WORIN', HUH?  
YER A FOOL, TOBY  
WHITAKER.

'LO,  
JUKE.



MISS CALISH THE  
MATH TEACHE'R  
DIED, YOU' HEAR?

DON'T HARDLY RAY  
TO GO TO SCHOOL  
NO MORE...

I HEAR THE  
SICKNESS AIN'T SO  
BAD UP NORTH...  
TROUBLE IS, AIN'T NO  
TRANSPORTATION  
TO GET UP THERE  
WITH...

'CEPT THE  
BUS, O'COURSE.



YOU WANNA  
GO FISHIN'  
TOMORROW  
JUKE, 'BOUT  
SEVEN?

SURE, HEY--BUT WHAT  
ABOUT THE BLUE BUS?  
WON'T YOU MISS HER  
COMIN' THROUGH?



I AIN'T WAITIN'  
FOR THE BUS  
NO MORE, LIKE  
YOU WAS  
RIGHT.

I GOTTA  
START THINKIN'  
ABOUT  
TOMORROW...







LOOK! OH, LOOK! IT'S BEAUTIFUL! IT'S CYPRUS CENTER! JUST LIKE IT USED TO BE. THERE'S THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE AND MR. DAWSON'S TRACTOR!



...AND THIS IS COLORADO, TOBY. THAT'S LONG'S PEAK IN THE DISTANCE.



OH, IT'S WONDERFUL! THE TREES! THE TREES!



LOOK AT ALL THE TREES!



CALIFORNIA, TOBY... ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STATES IN THE ENTIRE COUNTRY!



NO DREAM, TOBY... BUT NOT QUITE REALITY. EITHER, IT'S A LASER-HOLOGRAM, SON; EVERY WINDOW IN THE BUS IS EQUIPPED WITH A SPECIAL SCREEN AND PROJECTOR. THE INTERIOR IS CLIMATE-CONTROLLED AND SCENT-FILTERED TO COORDINATE WITH EACH AREA WE DRIVE THROUGH. IT'S ALL DONE BY COMPUTER, TOBY, AND IT COST MILLIONS TO BUILD...



THAT'S WHY IT COSTS SO TO RIDE THE BLUE BUS... BUT IT... IT ISN'T FAIR...

WAR NEVER IS TOBY... BUT THE SURVIVORS MUST BAND TOGETHER, HELP OTHER SURVIVORS TO REBUILD, BUT THE COUNTRY BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.



THERE'S NO FARE TO RIDE THE BLUE BUS, TOBY. ALL YOU NEED IS A STRONG, HEALTHY BODY AND THE WILL TO LIVE. THERE'S A WHOLE GROUP OF OTHERS WAITING TO SEE YOU UP NORTH, SON. WILL YOU JOIN US? WILL YOU HELP US REBUILD?

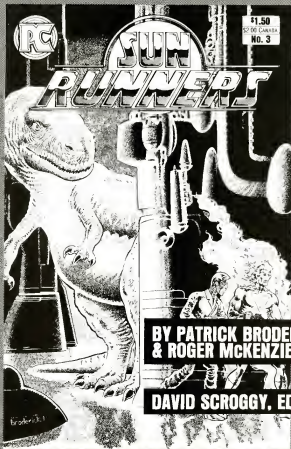
WHAT ABOUT MA, AND JISSY?

THE DRIVER DIDN'T ANSWER -- TOBY HADN'T REALLY EXPECTED HIM TO. HE LEANED BACK AND CLOSED HIS EYES. HE TRIED NOT TO THINK AT ALL FOR A MOMENT AND IN THAT MOMENT THE GENTLE MOTION OF THE PLUSH SEAT PUT HIM TO SLEEP...

OUTSIDE, THE BLUE BUS RUSHED PAST TREES AND GRASS AND LAKES AND PURE SWEET COUNTRY AIR...



**SUN RUNNERS 3  
COMING IN MARCH**

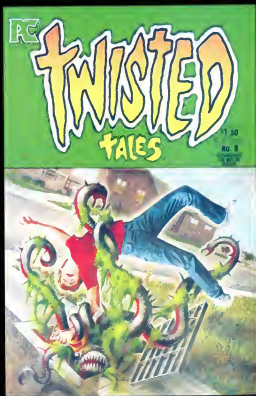


**BY PATRICK BRODERICK  
& ROGER MCKENZIE.**

**DAVID SCROGGY, EDITOR.**


**PACIFIC. TOMORROW IS HERE.**

ON SALE SOON!



New Dimensions in TERROR!

**BJA** prucejones  
associates

A woman with dark hair is smiling and hugging a young child with dark hair. They are in a room with bookshelves filled with books in the background. The woman is wearing a dark top, and the child is wearing a light-colored shirt. The scene is warm and affectionate.

OH, MAMA! THANK YOU SO MUCH  
FOR THESE COMICS THAT JOJO  
SHARED ON THE INTERNET!

YOU'RE  
WELCOME, BABY!  
I LOVE YOU!